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THE

Covent-Garden JOURNAL

EXTRAORDINARY.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Censor of *Great-Britain*.

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Στέῤῥα γαρ ἀνάγκη.
He must needs go whom the Devil drives.

THE Doctrine of *Pythagoras* touching the *Metempsychosis* or Transmigration of Soul, plainly sheweth, that (besides the Stoics) there was a Sect of Predestinarians among the Antients, even before Christianity was known; for, it is not to be supposed that a thinking Spirit, which had formerly animated a Tyrant, would without Compulsion, enter the Body of an Ass; or that the Soul of a Philosopher would, in another Vehicle, submit to the infamous Drudgery of a common Prostitute; though both these Transitions are more natural than most People imagine; and I have often been tempted to believe, that it was refining too much on the Art of Conjecture, to suppose such strange Successions of Employment, were imposed by the eternal Justice of Destiny, in order to punish the Soul in one Station, for the Crimes and Follies it had committed in another—The Soul of a Tyrant must be void of all Sensibility, else it could not bear to see, much less to augment the Miseries of human Nature: Being therefore without feeling, what so well adapted to suffer the Slavery, Stripes and Indignities annexed to the Person of an Ass? Again, many of the Philosophers, antient as well as modern, were Fellows who prostituted their Talents for Hire—they trimmed up their Philosophy with gaudy

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gaudy Apparel, smoothed over her Cracks and Flaws with the Varnish of Rhetorick and Sophistry, and spread her Attractions to the Publick, when they knew she was at Bottom infectious and unsound——Then who so well qualified as they to reinspire the Nymphs of *Drury-Lane*, and conceal the Ravages which Time, Accident and Disease have made upon their Persons! The same Propriety may be observed in the Transmigration of Circumstance, incident to Individuals in the Course of one mortal Peregrination—I shall only mention two Instances which every Day occur. How often do we see a Vagabond metamorphosed into a Justice, and a Cook-maid succeed to the Honours of her Mistress?—With regard to the first, I cannot help dissenting from those who are of Opinion, that the Place of a Magistrate ought always to be supplied by a Man of unblemished Morals and exemplary Life. Indeed, if nothing was to be done but to administer an Oath, grant a Warrant, sign a Mittimus, and receive the Shilling, such a Person would fill the Chair with sufficient Ability; but, how can Men of sober Life and Conversation be qualified to detect the numerous Artifices of Felons and Impostors, who have been trained up from the Cradle (or rather from the Kennel) in a Course of Dissimulation and Deceit. An honest Man, like a He-Goat, smells so rank, that you may perceive him a far off. This Simile (and a strong one it is) hath been used by the Chief of those few Philosophers, whom we can number among the Princes and Emperors of the Earth, and I shall give it in his own Words, at the Foot of the Page*, for the Satisfaction of those Readers who understand *Greek*——I say, though Honesty, like a violent Stink, will manifest itself (and be shunned accordingly) yet, Knavery is often so cunningly disguised, that no honest Man can discover the Imposture; for which Reason it is expedient and even necessary, to employ in the Station of Magistrates, such Persons as have led the most profligate Lives, and been conversant in all those wily Frauds which are practised by the Children of Iniquity——For, what is a Magistrate but a Thief-catcher by Authority? And that it is requisite, for the Good of Society, to set a Thief to catch a Thief, is a Maxim not only adopted by the Moderns, but was also maintained by the wisest Legislators of Antiquity——One (says *Antoninus*) catches Hares, another Anchovies, a third Boars, a fourth Bears, and a fifth catches Thieves; and if you consider the Principles of both, you will find very little Difference betwixt the Thief and the Thief-taker.—Besides these Considerations, there is another which recommends this Practice, namely, that of weakening the Bands of Villainy, and strengthening the Hand of Justice, in buying off a Retainer to the one, and making it worth his while to be an useful Member of the other—in the same Manner as other Oppositions are undermined—Having thus delivered my Sentiments upon the Promotion of the Pick-pocket: I come now to consider that of the Cook Wench, in whose Behalf many savoury Arguments may be produced——First then, I believe it will not be denied, that the principal End of Life, is to live well; that the chief Ingredient of good Living, is good Chear; and that with those who hold this Maxim, a Cook-maid is one of the most respectable Characters in the Family——

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* Τοιοῦτον ὄντα δὴ τὸν ἄπιστον καὶ κακοῦργον εἶναι, οἷον γελάσεται ἴσως ὁ παραστὰς, ἅμα πολλὴν δόξαν ἐν ἑαυτῷ λαβεῖν.

Have

Have not many of the Philosophers, and almost all the Poets of Antiquity, recommended the Sanity and Satisfaction of living while we may, and given an irresistible Reason for inculcating this Advice, namely, because some Time or other we must cease to live: An Observation so just and consummately sagacious, that I am persuaded it could never have entered the Thought of any Modern whatever; although many of them have repeated it, as audaciously as if it had been their own, without acknowledging the Theft——Indeed this was not the Case with a Predecessor of my own; I mean *Robert Shallow*, Esq; Justice of Peace and Quorum, who in making the same Remark, very modestly and piously ascribes all due Honour to the Author, in these Words, "We must all die," *as the Psalmist says*. But to return to our Subject, a Cook-Maid is not only respectable *ex officio*; but, also, wonderfully well adapted for the domestick Duties of a Wife. It is the common Outcry, that People are robbed, ruined and devoured by their Servants; therefore, as I have already observed in the Case of the Pickpocket, it is certainly a Stroke of sound Policy in a Man to gain over one of the Conspiracy to his Interest; because, being perfectly well acquainted with the Circumstances of their Conduct, she will dive into their Actions, and detect their Dishonesty—Again, she will perpetually have before her Eyes the Lowness of her Origin, consequently retain a due Sense of the Obligation she lies under to the Person who lifted her above that humble Sphere, and accordingly act in all Things for his Ease and Advantage.—And again, she will be in the Predicament of those who are said to command the better, for having learned to obey; and as Persons of her Profession are supposed to imbibe in their Tempers, a large Portion of the Fire to which they are so much exposed, she will in all Likelihood possess a Degree of Vivacity sufficient not only to enforce her Commands, but also to enliven Conversation, and give the necessary Fillips to the Spirits of her Lord and Husband—All these Considerations are exclusive of the Savings in point of her Diversions and Dress, which surely cannot be so expensive as those of a fine Lady; though she may perhaps be better qualified for all the Comforts and Pleasures of Wedlock, than any of those who flame in the Front of Fashion—The greatest Men among the Antients, were captivated by the Charms of Waiting-Maids. Did not the Wrath of *Achilles*, which was so fatal to the *Greeks*, wholly proceed from the Loss of his Cook Maid, who was snatched from his Arms by the Power of Authority? And does not *Agamemnon* expressly say he preferred his Servant-Maid *Chryseis* to his Queen *Clytemnestra?* In short, this Taste became the Vogue in many Parts of *Greece*, and he that was in Fashion, was said μάγειριζειν, Anglice, to *Cookize*. From *Greece* it was with other Species of Politeness, imported into *Rome*, so as to be conspicuous, in the Time of *Augustus*, as we learn from *Horace*, who writes the fourth Ode of the second Book, expressly to congratulate and justify his Friend *Phoceus*, upon his having married his Maid; and I am much pleased to see such a worthy Example followed by some of the most fashionable People, and greatest Wits of the present Age.

Journal

Journal of the WAR.

NOtwithſtanding the Pacification, an Account of which we gave in our laſt, an Expreſs hath ſince arrived at the General's Head-Quarters, with Information that a flying Party ſtill kept the Field, refuſing to ſubſcribe to the Articles of the Treaty; and that they had taken Poſt in *Tuttle-Fields*, where they had erected a Fortification of ſome Conſequence. A Detachment was immediately ordered out to reconnoitre, and the ſame Evening brought back Word that there muſt have been ſome Miſtake in the Intelligence; for they could perceive nothing but a *ſmall Hutt*, built of Mud and covered with Thiſtles, which could not poſſibly ſtand a Siege, but would fall a Sacrifice to the firſt Aſs who ſhould wander that Way in Queſt of Paſture——Though in their Return their Ears were ſaluted with a ſtrange and horrible Noiſe, ſeemingly iſſuing from the Earth, and conveying theſe articulate Sounds

> " *Beware, and ſhun your Leader's Lot:*
> *Condemn'd to mortify and rot.*——"

Sir *Alexander* hearing this Report, was at firſt a little affected, and even changed Countenance; but he ſoon recovered his Spirits, and regaling himſelf with a freſh Quid, affirmed the whole was an impudent Fraud trumped up with a View to alienate the Affections of his Soldiers, by the ſame northern Free-booter who had lately aſſaulted him and his Friends from another Quarter——He ſcrupled not to ſay, that this Upſtart was even lower than *his Lowneſs:* And with his uſual Candor, Wit and good Breeding, declared him to be the vileſt Ruffian unhanged, and a greater Rebel to Elegance and good Senſe, than any of his Countrymen had ever been to the mildeſt and beſt of Princes——He then, with his wonted Moderation, propoſed a Reward to any one of his Adherents who ſhould bring that Mountaineer before him, in a judicial Manner, either as Evidence or Defendant, that he might inſult him from the Bench with opprobrious Language, or treat him as a Malefactor, by committing him to *Newgate*.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHereas I, Sir *Alexander Drawcansir*, of *Covent-Garden*, Knight, have been of late most rancorously slandered in a virulent Pamphlet, entituled, *A Narrative of the base and inhuman Arts practised upon the Brain of* Habbakkuk Hilding, *Justice, Dealer and Chapman*, &c. whereby I am likely to suffer greatly both in my Character and Occupation; in order to vindicate myself from the scandalous Aspersions contained in the said Pamphlet, and at the same Time to confute the Author of such an infamous Libel, I hereby promise the Reward of five Pounds, to any Person or Persons, who shall prove that I was ever seen disturbing the Peace of his Majesty on Ass-back; or known to blow a Trumpet, Horn, or any other Wind Instrument, as Herald to any Beast, or Collection of wild Beasts; or even to distribute printed Bills, or invite Passengers at the Door of any House, Barn or Booth, in which any such Spectacles were exhibited—excepting, nevertheless, from this my Promise such Transactions as I have been concerned in as an Author, Stroller and Puppet-show Man.

Witness my Hand

Alexander Drawcansir.

Articles of NEWS.

ON *Sunday* last, in the Evening, were privately interred the Remains of Mrs. *Amelia Booth*, who fell a Sacrifice to the poisonous Influence of evil Tongues. A Lady who was possessed of all the domestick Virtues of Life; and so remarkable for her Meekness of Disposition, as to have equalled the Fame of *Patient Grissel*. The Expence of her Funeral was defrayed by his Excellency Sir *Alexander*, who was deeply affected with her Fate, and now begs that no Person will be so cruel and impious as to disturb her Ashes. She had for some Time past been in a consumptive Way, and as she drew near her latter End, her Friends perceived about her an earthy and mortified Odour, of which, however, she herself was not sensible——*This last Circumstance is not at all to be wondered at; if we reflect that*

that the unhappy Lady could not well be supposed to retain the Sense of Smelling, after having been deprived of her lovely Nose.

By Letters from the *Bedford Coffee-House*, we are informed that *J. R*— Esq; Patentee of the T————r in *C*———*t G*———*n*, still refuses to acknowledge the Authority of Sir *Alexander*; alledging that his Excellency hath as yet brought nothing in Support of his Title but his own Testimony, the Strength of which he pretends to know too well to depend upon, in as much as it hath been rejected in sundry Trials which his Pretensions have already undergone————*This Contumacy is the more surprising, as the Knight hath already been recognized by the Proprietors of the other House, who have more immediate Reason than Mr.* R——h, *to question the Validity of his Title, in as much as they were considerable Sufferers by the last scurvy and inhuman Verdict that was given against it, when he underwent the Sentence of Damnation on his* WEDDING-DAY.

We have Advice from *King's-Street*, that War (open or understood) hath been declared against the General by a female Champion, who calls herself *Roxana Termagant*; though we have special Reasons to believe this Amazon is no other than a SMART old Woman, who hath taken Offence at Sir *Alexander's* Encroachment upon her Province of Gossiping——*If that be the Case, the Dispute may be referred to the Decision of the Matrons, who shall be convened at the next Christening in* Covent-Garden *Parish, when it is not to be doubted that Sir* Alexander's *Abilities in the Art and Mystery of Caudle-making and Posset-Conversation will appear as eminent as those of any old Woman in* England.

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